

Interviews of a Japanese Schoolboy

BY WALLACE IRWIN.

St. Petersburg.

To Editor, talented printer who are very cross about all Kings and other Crushers.

Dearest Sir:—

When I approached into St. Petersburg by train I was accompanied by Cousin Nogi, my dog O-Fido and the rest of my baggage. By looking from window of car we could see 1,000 complete soldiers clumped together on R. R. platform with Sandy Claus appearance. Intelligent Jewish merchants could be seen running back & forth with push-carts filled with bombs labelled, "Try one—19c a Doz, To Day Only." Nearby we could behold a collection of boots walking around with whiskers on top of them. We knew them at once by their photos—they was the pressed Peasantry of Russia.

Cousin Nogi observe this human audience while he was making hop-off from train, and he was very proud.

"I am so glad the Militia is here to meet us!" he say coyly.

But O-Fido make nerve-signals with tail, like he wished to remain in America where he was acquainted with the Police.

We elope down the platform trembling in every knuckle. A militia-looking personality resembling Gen. Europatkin approach up with sword & require.

"Hashimuroff Togoski?"

I recognize myself.

"Vodka nux whisky!" repose this warfare person with insulted manner.

"Vodka is deliciously injurious for the price," I report, attempting to say soothing compliments to the Russian people. That General make sneeze of deep disgust.

All them soldiers look gloomily to us with eyes like they seen our mistake in coming to Russia.

"Pushkin!" cry that Commander with voice. And the entire cluster of soldiers make inrush to us with advanced bayonets. Me and Nogi and O-Fido do wary shout similar to Port Arthur & soon we are engaged in considerable jiu jitsu mingled with international bantais and loud bump.

But it was a vain struggle for us. When next we looked we was squelched flat to platform with entire Russian Army setting on our neckties. Our coats & shoes was removed off to see how much revolution they contained. A Custom House policeman rush up with dutiful expression peculiar to Hon. Wm. Loeb when greeting the Lusitania. He make inroads to my satchel-valise & shake away all my tressouze endeavoring to get some tariff out of it. After this ceremony we was stuck hastily together again and me & Nogi & O-Fido with iron wrist-cuff on our sleeves was chain-ganged off to St. Peter & St. Paul's jail where we couldn't have nothing to read but a copy of the "Outlook," translated into Russian and all African correspondence blotted out for fear it might teach the Russian people to shoot straight.

"Shall we remain thusly forever till Death do us milder? If so, how shall we ever chatter with the Zar for all U. S. newspapers?" snubble Nogi with weeps.

Howells from O-Fido.

"Like all others Despots, Hon. Zar is a sweet & kindly man after office-hours," I combust confidentially. "Therefore I shall write him a note full of soft tears."

So I pull off my cuff & on this I wrote following sadly thought:

"Dear Zar:—2 Japanese Schoolboys & Dog are all American subjects locked dumpy away for nothing, which they didn't do, & should wish to talk Newspaper Correspondence with you, which we are here to ask. Please, can't we?"

"Yours truly

"H. Togo, H. Nogi & O-Fido."

By next early morn, while O-Fido was thinking lonesomely of friends in O-Hio & Nogi was borrowing a Siberian Railway Timetable from a Anatolich in the next apartment, of suddenly a Imperial Janitor of the Guard, brightly trimmed with feathers, arrived up & poke following envelope into our excited cages:

"Room 26 Imperial Palace

Dear Togo:—

Excuse me not to be among others to welcome you at Union Depot yesterday. Make yourself comfortable as possible. Can't you come & have free lunch with me today? Dress informally in any Admiral's uniform you happen to have around. Bring your Cousin Nogi and the other dog.

Yours truly

Nick."

Cordial feelings of international courtesy enjoyed by all when we read this. Nogi were too anxious, as usual. He attempt to elope to Winter Palace without his coat & hat; but I detach him from this rudeness, because it is customary to be polite to Kings, however you disagree with them in the newspapers.

At 12:30 exact clock-time we was unchained. A mousjik (Russian name for Pullman Porter) massaged our feet-ware & lent me a uniform belonging to a Swiss Admiral who was dead. It might have been a good fit, but it wasn't. The pants, which was very sweetly embroidered, was so tall they clothed me completely and must be pined around my neck to avoid drop-off. "You could make them cozier by turning them up," suggest Nogi. I do so and they fold around my knees with appearance of rubber boots. However, I look very militia in this disguise.

By outside sidewalk we was met with a golden sley driven by a gilt coachman. Great enthusiasm everywhere while we pass by. Folks what seen us thought we was Princes or visiting Al-derman of high rank. While we was heading down Nevski Prospect we was shot at 6 times by Socialist Democrats. Which show how aristocratic we must have looked.

"Sooner we arrive to Winter Palace, this architecture look like any other



UNDER THE TABLE I COULD DISTINCTLY SEE A GENTLEMAN WITH SWEET TAFFY WHISKERS WHO PEEKED SLYLY OUT AT US.

City Hall only more expensive and less corrupt. We penetrated up steps to a hallway of Waldorf appearance. Dukes & bellboys seen everywhere. At last we was set down in a back parlor full of art treasures which Hon. Pierpont Morgan has not yet took away.

We set here lonesomely till we begin to feel quite monotonous, except O-Fido who snuffle around royal plush ornaments expecting it might contain rats.

"If this Zar is as hard to get at as Hon. Phil P. Knocks, I shall not wait," I report peevily. But nearly immediately a Flunkish Person entered & becked us onward once more. We followed sheeply.

Next room we entered was shaped like a tank, composed solidly of hardware on all sides. Rivets, bolts and sheet-iron seen everywhere. Tables & chairs was made entirely of steel & screwed to floor. Asbestos carpets lying right & left. Crosses of Cossack gunners, veterans of the Japanese war, stood by each corner with galling guns which they seemed prepared to shoot with their usual inaccuracy. Over Hon. Door was a handsome Russian sign which appeared to say:

"God should defend our popular Zar. But we're taking no chances—so here we are!"

In the middle of this room set one table, and by this table set 1 chair, and on this table set 1 knife & fork & spoon & plate & cup & saucer.

"How could we be invited to lunch when dishes is all set so single?" require Nogi with chewing expression of Hon. Horse Fletcher.

"Hosh it!" I snub reverently because under the table I could distinctly see a Gentleman with a crown & sweet taffy whiskers who peeked slyly out at us. By his meek & skared expression we knowed at once he must be that talented Tyrant and desperate Despot, the Zar of Russia.

With slow caution he creep out from this coy hiding and arose up before us. Me and Nogi stood howing our base stomachs reverently. O-Fido stood wagging his base tail in a similar manner. That extremely high-horse Nick stepped forwards and clasped our hands with his entire soul. Nothing could be more Democratic, unless it was a Republican candidate before election.

"Do not fall on your face and clasp my boots," he applied. "Because I am a King, should I always be having my shine spoiled by human fingers?"

Me & Nogi & O-Fido was disabled to reply.

"Do you speak Russian?" he nextly required in U. S. language.

"Ah, no, extremely Top Boss," I negotiate. "We do not speak Russian, but we are able to listen to it with great patience."

"I am so happy you do not speak it!" he say joyly. "I never learned it myself. Few Kings understands the disgusting language of their sacred Fatherlands. It is hard enough to be Emperor of Russia without entangling my tonsils in syllables too explosive for one of my English parentage."

Hon. Zar set down to lunch at his cast-iron table. "Where should WE set?" require me & Nogi in unicorn. "You are permitted to stand by my chair," suggest Nick. "When I get a extra large helping, I shall pass you slight nibbles of this."

I am obliged to give Nogi a mean punch to stop him from fainting off. "Please, Mr. Rumanoff," I commence interviewing, "we 3 reporters come all way from Chicago to make a interview with you which will be read by all the Human Population of America."

"I do not care for Human Population," depose Nick, tocking napkin in his collar. "I am principally interested in Zar."

"We have deliciously few Zars in America," I suggest. (O-Fido shake his tail waggishly when he hear this, like he should wish to choke with smiles.)

"How is Senator Aldrich?" require Nick.

"Loved and suspected by all," I report. "Whenever America needs anything that great statesman sees it first & pickles it for the Pluto Cats. He are revered everywhere as the happy idol of the Unpopular Majority."

The Boss of Rumanoff think thoughtfully.

"With such a One," he dictate finally, "I should be able to run Russia on soft spring. Oftenly I have thought of this. As I said to Cousin Victor while I pressed his fine Italian hand, 'Emmanuel,' I says, 'the Tyrant Trust has got too much Divine Right and Infernal Nonsense. What we need is a good Business Manager.' 'Nick,' say Vic, 'I have oftenly considered that same lack. But what use? I have applied at Washington times & times, only to find that all the Talent was engaged several years ahead by the local market.'"

"Were it not a fine demonstratus of International Peace & Friendship when you & Hon. Vic Emmanuel met together in Pellagra, Italy?" is next question for me.

"Suburbly splendid!" require this great Despotter. "For days & days before our arrival together the loyal soldiery moved down the grass & trees & peasants along the R. R. track and chased off whatever dynamiters was hiding there; for weeks & weeks the happy Pinkertons, disguised as dainty flower girls, thronged gaily among the freight yards with firearms tastefully concealed among baskets of pretty flowers. What could be more inspiring than the shouts of the 10,000 Cossacks, deputy sheriffs and special policemen who met our Harveyized, mob-proof trains, smuggled us into armored automobiles and so on our way to Pellagra Castle, the International Government Spies' Band following on motorcycles and playing patriotic tunes to the deafening cheers of our loyal subjects and other Anarchists on their way to jail. What could be a more encouraging reception to one in the King Business?"

"Nothing but a revolution," I report chivalrously.

While thusly we chattered a Duke in a Head Waiter's uniform entered in with a quart of soup firmly closed up in a air-tight bottle. He sat this down with salutes on the table before of the Zar. After him followed 6 Polish Scientists who approached up & examined that nourishment with mikrosopes. After they were satisfied, Hon. Waiter pour out Hon. Soup to Hon. Zar and gave the bottle to me & Nogi & O-Fido.

"Why should you act so Dr. Wiley about your Foods?" I request.

"I are always particular to know that no Dangerous Political Opinions has got into it by mistake," negotiate him with spoon.

"What is advantage of being a Zar?" is fresh question from me.

"A Zar can club down the Common Pedestrians at the slightest peev," he narrate.

"In America any Traffic Policeman can do that," I report.

"So many folks can do what they please in America—O Liberty, how free you are!" say Nick, reverently pressing his fork to his heart.

"Do you ever long to be a plumber or a undertaker or some other humble merchant, to be free & equal and loved by all who meet you?" I request.

"Why should it?" reproach Zar with napkin.

"Why should these happy merchants be happier than me? Am I not also loved by all who meets me? I am! If folks don't love me, they are not permitted to meet me. Few ordinary Plumbers, however prosperous, can afford a Standing Army to protect them from criticism. If folks don't love a Plumber they can approach his studio and say with voice, 'Hon. Sir, you are a grasping species of shell-fish.' But any person what desire to call me a

shell-fish has got to go to Siberia to say it."

"But is not Zars frequently poisoned by Anarchy food?" I require.

"No more oftenly than Plumbers is poisoned by banjotate of soda," say Nick in a Wiley manner.

"But Zars is frequently shot by their loving subjects," I narrate.

"Not so often as Plumbers is shot by barkeeps," compose he.

"Then you mean to tell me that you got so little ambition that you are humbly contented with being a Zar?" I cry off.

"I can think of no other job I would rather be," say him. A Zar is as happy as a King. A Diplomat is hired to read the mean things said about me in papers. A Prime Minister arranges my thoughts, a Valet arranges my baths. My digestion is ran by the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. When I think about how protected I am I should sing and dance through my cozy bomb-proof home as joyful as a kindergarten."

"And do you sing & dance thusly?"

"So sorry to report," say Zar with slight tear-drop, "I do not. Whenever I become kittenish I must stop & think of 500,000,000 enemies awaiting around corners to juggle me up."

"But why should you have billions of enemies what can't get at you? Enemies to a King is like Mike-robies to Private Persons. A man can giggle at Death when Science stands around to guard him from such Bugs."

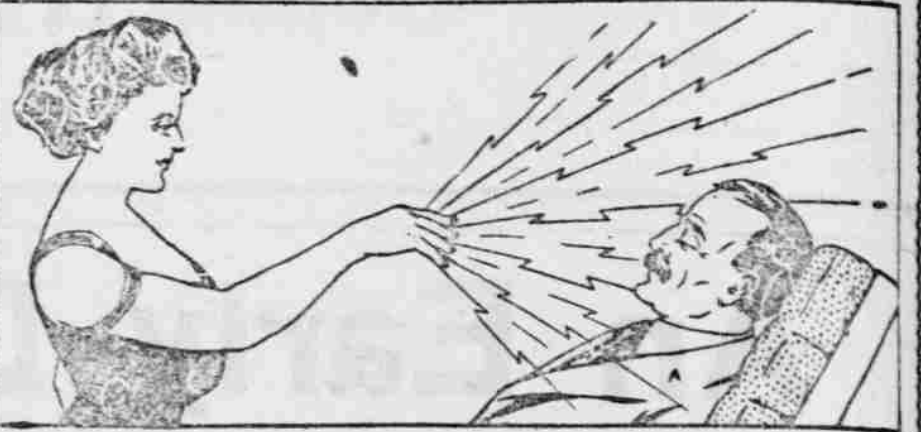
Hon. Nick, Zar of Russia, arise up & throw off tableware excitedly.

"Hashimuroff Togoski, how little you understand Kings and other sickness!" he decorep. "When Mike-robies chew you, you do not know it and are therefore gay & reckless. But it is him who is Sterilized who sleeps with nightgown & jumps hooting from his dream at the lightest foothill of a Typhoid Germ."

So he shake his crown as a signal that we should be shoved away from his presence. And me & Nogi & O-Fido make back-off bows striking our ankles on nearly all furniture we pass until we feel quite decomposed.

Hoping you are the same Yours truly,

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